



*H*ave you heard of magical creatures, monsters, aliens, or anything else? Well, you've probably been told they don't exist. Who ever told you that is wrong. Why do you think people see "UFOs" and aliens and weird creatures? They are all real. No one really believes it, because no one has seen them in person. Sure, you hear that people have been abducted by aliens, and what not. But those aren't abductions at all. The aliens are only meeting the natives. The "aliens" are our ancestors and they only want to meet us. We have evolved from them, but not exactly. Before humans, mammals, and even before the dinosaurs; there was species and species, all driven into extinction, exile or to create newer species. But what made all this happen? Fate. Fate creates all things. And I'm not talking about God or such. I'm saying, without fate, everything will be in a perfect order. Everything will do a specific thing, at a specific time and at a specific place. Nothing will be chosen. Fate makes everything happen without it being scheduled. It makes choices. It creates new worlds, new lives, and less universal laws. Some laws still exist, without them, fate cannot continue. The laws of gravity, time, space and many more holds the universe together. Our longevity is very short, due to our ancestors. They left trace of their former glory for the humans. We have to survive

without their technology, but they want to come back. They want to rule the Earth again, because they have inhabited many neighboring planets and star systems. Earth was their main supply source, and since humans took over it, they had to survive on less habitable planets, like Mars. They used up most of the water there and now there's only some at the poles. **They** are coming back. I bet you're wondering who **they** are. **They** are the **Primums**.

"So son, how about a story?" Professor Marty Jones had just had a divorce with his wife. She was cheating on him with a younger man. He was devastated. All his life, he worked towards his future, and then made a future for **them** and she just left him. Now, his twelve year old son had to live with a depressed father, in a lonely house, with no one but his friends to cheer him up.

"Sure, Dad...", Dominic sadly answered, without even glancing up from his book. Dad sat down on the bed, shuffling an extra pillow next to Dominic.

"Okay, how should I start this, ummm?" A sudden story sprung to his mind, almost out of nowhere. Where an entire story came from, he didn't know, "Once upon a time, there was a cat. Well, this was no ordinary cat. The cat was a secret agent and it was very secretive. The cat's name was Max. The cat had a big, wonderful house and loving owners. The cat knew, if his owners found out about their cat being a secret agent, they could be in great danger. So, the cat was a normal cat to his owners, but when he was alone, he went on his missions. The cat was apart of the C.A.T. secret agency. This is the story about one of the cat's very important missions...CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. That was what the metal box read. Max was assigned to a very important case. He was to track down a member of C.A.T., who vanished after 6 months on the job. She was just recently seen with evil Dr. Kitty-litter. Max just learned about this during his mission briefing. He will receive a partner after he suits up. Max went to the equipment room, veering towards the mess room, hungry. He quickly overcame his hunger and suited himself. He added extra snacks in his cat-pack carefully stacking the tuna fish cans at the bottom and cat biscuits at the top. He looked up, sensing there was someone there, and saw his new partner, Bob McCat."

Dominic seemed to be bewildered with his off-hand story. Marty kept on going.

"Max was so happy to see his old friend, giving cat hugs and grinning. Bob and Max became friends the first time they set paw in C.A.T. HQ. Bob quickly put on his gear, faster than Max had. What Max didn't notice, was Bob had taken a can of mace and attached it to his belt. The reunited friends started talking about what happened after Bob left for The Elite C.A.T.s Academy. 'Hey Bob, why did you come back to the agency? Didn't you have to finish at the academy?', Max asked. 'Well, I finished early and I wanted to get back to the fun missions here', Bob replied, hesitantly. Max thought that was strange, because it takes three cat years to finish C.A.T. Academy, but Bob left only one year ago. Max quickly forgot about it, not knowing the value of that info,

when they exited the secret agency. The agency building was disguised as a Cat Munch warehouse. Immediately after the cat door closed, a black van pulled up to the warehouse and two big cats jumped out. Startled, Max exclaimed, 'Let's take 'em Bob!' Right after that, Bob took out the mace and sprayed Max in the face, the peppery substance burning in his eyes. Max felt the big cats grabbing and pulling him. When his vision cleared, Max saw he was tied up in the van going down the GSP. In the corner of the van was Bob, tied up and gagged. " Why is Bob tied up if he's on the bad guy's side?", Max thought, very confused. His confusion was answered when another Bob got out of the passenger's seat and took off his disguise. The mask and suit was so real looking to Max, he thought it was real cat fur. Fatima Feline held a de-furrer gun to Marty's head. "Hello Max, it's good to see you again" -"

"DAD!!" Dominic had a very annoyed expression.

"Was it because it was too childish?" Marty thought,"What?"

"I'm not a little kid anymore, Dad!" Dominic complained in an angry tone," You're telling me a kiddie story!"

"But you *are* a kid, right?" Marty asked. "Why are you getting so angry at me for telling him his favorite story?"

"Not a little one, Dad!", Dominic answered. Marty could feel an anger bubbling up, not at Dom, but himself. He was thinking how childish he treated Dom. But those weren't his thoughts. He also held thoughts about a automaton, a street boy, and a girl wearing a key. Marty took a look at the cover of Dominic's book. It read "The Invention of Hugo Cabret". Bewildered with the fight, Dominic's thoughts, and how he could think them; Marty left the room and went to bed. His dreams were the same as always, different events happening in his mind.

He lay awake in his bed thinking of why Christina had left them. He loved her. Dominic loved her. Did she love them back? Why did that guy named Jacob have more of the love? He probably only wanted her to pay his bills and other stuff. Marty truly loved her, but she didn't love him back.

Marty kept thinking about all the different thoughts around him. Dominic was steaming. His neighbor, Johnson, was sleeping. His upstairs neighbor was watching The David Letterman Show. He could only know this, because he was psychic. He could read minds, think to people, and see unusual things.

He didn't see his doctor about it, because he thought he would be studied or experimented on. Many people have already disappeared after being seen doing

unusual things, like lifting their car or watering their plants with a stream coming from their arm. Marty's little house in South Dakota didn't stand out to the rest of the houses. It was a simple house, very similar to all the other houses on his street. Staying normal was what he wanted. No one understood why an archaeologists would want to take a teaching job. Marty knew, he loved history and he wanted to make other people love it too. Science played a big part in history, so he was a history teacher and a science teacher. Working up for the chairman for a large archaeologist company was his main goal.

Now, Marty's son, Dominic, is an average boy. He is just like any other 12 year old boy. He sleeps, he goes to school, he does homework, and hangs out. Many of his friends have divorced parents. Dominic is okay with that. But, his father, makes it sound like it's a big tragedy. "Dad, it's alright...I get you and mom are not together anymore and I get that". "Oh, it's just that I know how this will affect you...", Marty would respond.

The next day, Marty went to an archaeologist dig in Nevada. It was a Thursday, the only day of the week that Marty didn't teach. At the dig, there were many different people Marty knew. His high school friends at the history club were there. Many of the representatives from the Aztec archaeologist foundation were there to. The dig site was where a big boulder once stood.

Researchers at the university were amazed to see hundreds of skeletons being brought in for study. All the bodies, even the meaty ones, were all studied and put into cryogenics.

"Where did these specimens come from?", a professor at the university asked. The archaeologists weren't ready to give up the location of their treasure, so the secret was untold. All the scientists couldn't figure out how to get them to tell them.

"How about we tell them to go back and get more," a professor suggested, "and then we'll sneak off with them". The archaeologists left, and some incognito profs went with them. The site was just as amazing as they thought. All that history, may not even be human, was fascinating.

The men would have gotten more when a earsplitting roar from the depths of the dungeon, "Roooooaaaaarrrrr!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" The roar frightened some of the people. Rumbles shook the earth as the creature made its way up the spiral passageway. Screaming and fleeing, most of the people were scared to death. Many of them watched the creature emerge from the cavern. The giant creature was made up of the faces of different animals. It had leathery skin and wings, four scaly legs and the face was resembled a snakes. In the center, where a person would wear a belt, was a lion's

head off. The giant beast launched a tiger face at the pilot, engulfing him in a smokey mouth. The helmet's cracking could be heard as the beast pulled the head out of the copter. Screams echoed in Marty's ear as he saw the innocent pilot be devoured. Never in his life, has he seen anyone die. He's just saw the cruelest death he could possibly think of. "Help me!!! Somebody kill it!! It's gonna eat me!! Agggggghhhh-"

"NOO!!!,"Marty couldn't help but look at the ripped, fleshy residue of the pilot's devoured body. The sobs of terror, fear and reality, was recognized by the monster. It roared in triumph when it found it's snack, Marty. It opened it's mouth, like a door, revealing an array of highly pointy teeth. A single smell made Marty want to look directly at the monster's mouth. A single Canola Newman was the bravest man ever. He took off his seat belt, letting the monster devour him, to put a grenade into it's mouth. It's very ethical property made the evil creature back away.

"What is this torment to me?", the deformed monster said in a deep broad voice. It stopped clawing at the passengers and spoke to it's captive.

"Ummm...uhhh...w-what's what?" Marty desperately searched around for a way away from the creature's mouth.

"This is made by you, the puny human!!!" , bellowed the abominable mutant.

"Wow. Monster breath is awful...he needs a breath mint", Marty hopefully said in his head. "I-I d-don't know what you're talking about..." Now the monster recognised the faint smell of gunpowder, in his mouth.

"Get it out!!! Get this explosive out! Arrrggg!!!", the mutant roared. Marty hoped the grenade wouldn't come loose and fall on him. Then a sudden rush of wind was on his back, like the rush he felt when he went on The Cyclone at Coney Island. He looked back and saw the ground hurtling towards him.

"Ahhhhhhh!!! Offf-"The monster gave a sudden jerk up at the bit of shirt he still pinched. The grenade exploded with a sudden ripple of air. Marty remembered the lesson he taught his science class about explosions.

"An explosion is a sudden releases or gas so-", Marty was cut off by one of his less remarkable students, Kevin Longhorn.

"-a fart is one, too!", Kevin made a funny comment about. Marty didn't feel angry about Kevin disturbing the class or him making fun of the lesson. He felt proud that Kevin

had recognised a fart, technically, as an explosion. Now, he was failing and getting into more fights with him. "What has happened to him?"

The explosion had made the monster fall back, landing on the helicopter that he had crushed. A trickle of green blood streamed down its mouth. Other pilots gathered around the body of the monster and devoured pilot. "What was that thing?", a stray towns-person said, as he ran up the hill. "It was...a...I don't actually know," Marty replied, panting, "But, I'm going to find out".

The next day, Marty turned into Professor Jones again. He got out of his Lexus and walked over to the looming three story high school. His classroom was an average classroom. The desks lined up straight, the board positioned in the middle of the wall. All was simple. But in Marty's head, all was anything but simple. "What was that thing? How can the police tell me to keep my mouth shut when I was just attacked by a 50 foot monster? Okay, maybe I'm just hallucinating. I didn't wake up just like it was an ordinary day. I felt something. Something that wasn't right." Marty's mind raced on and on about the monster.

"Hi, Marty" Marty glanced up, and saw Jennifer. Jennifer was his neighbor, his friend and they worked at the same school. They hung out almost every week, talking about how to make a better learning environment, and did other things together. If anyone, other than the two of them knew, they would say it was a relationship. So, Marty kept it a surface secret.

"Oh, hi Jen...sorry about last night. I had to do some things at the dig. It shouldn't have took that long..." He was trying to avoid explaining it, but he didn't have to. "It's okay. I know how it is to be busy. Everyone gets busy sometime in their life.", she replied, without a single hint of disdain, if she had any. "Well, I have to get back to my class. I'll see you at 2 then". He hastefully fled to the door with the number 12 and Jones on it. When he reached his classroom, his mind reverted back to quantum physics and evolution.

"-and then I threw the ball and all the cheerleaders cheered me on", Kevin boasted, trying not to leave out the detail about his muscles. The door flew open and everyone of his friends quickly sat in their seats. They all knew the rules. But in Mr. Jones' class, they were enforced. Kevin knew better than to disobey rules with Prof. Jones. He, too, got down from his old, scratched desk and sat in his chair. Prof. Jones plopped his suitcase on the old, mahogany desk. His hair was a little unstraightened that day, but who was checking? "Okay, class. Take your seats. So, what did we talk about on Friday?" The whole class rose their hands, even though some of them didn't know

it. "Hmmm...How about Kevin?"

Kevin just rose his hand so he is "participating". "Ummm...we were learning about...ummm..." He was cut off by the sharp voice of Elana.

"We were learning about evolution, sir" Her crisp, melodious voice was like a knife in Kevin's back.

"Thank you, Elana. Now, what was the..." Kevin's mind floated from the lesson to Elana. She was the teacher's pet, but still very pretty. Her dirty blond hair fell down her back like a golden waterfall. Her eyes glimmered like fresh cut diamonds. Almost all of the whole 10th grade crowded around her everywhere she went. All the guys thought she was so hot, but Kevin knew better than to trust mysterious girls. A little research is all it takes to figure out she was an exchange student, from a place called Olympus High School. He thought all the other guys were crazy about her. He himself, thought she was pretty hot, but not really. All his friends thought he was weird not to love Elana. "Why do I feel so...in love?", Kevin thought, not knowing that he was slowly shuffling in his seat, towards her. He never felt such a desire for anything, ever. Now, he felt he should do everything for Elana. "What's happening to me?" he thought, desperately trying to fight the urge to be with her. His seat was right next to hers, which made it harder to resist.

In Mr. Jones mind, he was feeling an urge of resistance. "What is that?", Marty thought noticing Kevin shuffling. "Is that him? What is he doing?" His mouth went on about evolution, but his brain stayed on Kevin. "Kevin, what are you doing?", he thought out to Kevin. That was one of his favorite ways to talk to people. Jennifer knew that. His parents knew that. He didn't show anyone who he didn't trust.

"Whaa?" Kevin thought. Marty could feel Kevin's confusion.

"Kevin, what's going on with you?" asked Marty. Kevin had never had anyone talking in his mind before. He didn't know if it was real or not. "Ummm...I can't stop this urge to go near Elana..."

"Elana? What does that have to do with this?", Marty asked, not knowing the problem was being monitored.

"What is this?", a familiar, melodious voice asked. Elana was listening to them the whole time.

“Elana!” Marty couldn’t understand how Elana could be telepathic. “How can you use telepathy?”

“I’m not. I’m only speaking through my lover’s mind” Kevin’s mind blew when he heard “lover”. Marty and Kevin both knew one story from ancient Greek. Aphrodite was the goddess of love and she was so beautiful, no man could not love her. Her human forms allowed her to meet mortal men. They fell so deep in love, they gave their minds for her. She could control her lover’s minds.

“Kevin...RUN!!!” Kevin bolted out of his seat and ran for the room. The clatter of metal on rock jerked most of the daydreamers awake and snapped Marty out of his telepathy. Elana just got up, and began to float. Her face got all older, but still pretty young. She radiated light and then flew out the door, as the bell rang.

Elana whizzed past unsuspecting students as they exited their classrooms. Screams echoed down the halls as she hunted for her prey. Kevin was the only one who hadn’t been controlled by her beauty and she wanted to make him love her. “Where are you my young little lover?”

The once musical voice was screeching like a vulture, homing in on it’s prey. Kevin hid in a recycling bin not far away from the screeching voice. “Mr. Jones, help me!”, he pleaded.

“I am coming” The strong voice gave him strength as he struggled to not comply to Elana.

“Who is she?”, he wondered, “is she Aphrodite, the Greek god? I know she can control minds...wait, is that even possible? What’s happening to me?–” Florescent light flooded into the compact bin. Kevin looked up, hoping to see the face of his teacher.

“Hello, I have found you finally. Now, let’s find somewhere we can be alone...” Kevin was exploding with fear now. He didn’t see the face of Elana, but an older version. His face could have said a whole about fear in his drama class. Kevin closed his eyes, hoping for the worst. Nothing. He waited a minute, to be sure. His eyes fluttered open and he got out of the bin. He saw Elana, now back in her younger form. Mr. Jones was holding his briefcase in his hand, panting. He had knock her out, possibly, saving his life. At that point, Kevin knew he would be going back to school for awhile. He didn’t know if it was his thought, or Mr. Jones.

“You can’t just take me out of school and to your house!”

"I can if you want to live", Marty replied focusing on the road, and looking for flying people. He was determined to get to a specific house and keep Kevin there. He had seen all sorts of crazy monsters and creatures, but not a goddess. Not one being he felt that wasn't human was mentioned in human history, ever. Only her. "She seemed like a nice girl, smart, determined, talented. But how come she didn't feel like a god? Shouldn't gods be super powered? How did I hit her and she got knocked out?" All sorts of questions rocketed out of his mind.

One thing did keep him focused on Kevin. The amount of monsters in the area. Even though it was Route 47, monsters were nearing them. One monster in a Mercedes almost got close enough to touch the window, but a mini-van overtook him.

"How is this possible? I can't be in my teacher's car, driving away from a fight with a god monster and to a place I don't know where is. I must be going crazy." He took a look outside, trying to clear his mind. What he saw engulfed his mind, leaving no place to think. "Uhhh...Professor..."

"Yes, Kevin?", Marty took a look where Kevin was looking. He saw a truck full of teenagers, blasting their speakers having a lot of fun. "So, what is it?"

"Why would teenagers be out of school in the middle of the day?", Kevin said, shaking as three more trucks full of teens surrounded them. Marty didn't need to answer. He focused on the teens faces. They all seemed to be staring at Kevin. They were monsters, Kevin could guess. The trucks veered towards an exit ramp, forcing Marty to veer with them, to avoid an accident. They forced Marty to stay between them, making it sure they couldn't go anywhere without them.

"Where are they taking us? When am I going to see my family again? I wish this would end..." His silent pleas were halted when they stopped at a familiar building. This was the place he last saw his parents, before their bodies were found floating in the forest stream, not far from here. A man was with them the last time he saw them, a man with a tattoo just like the symbol on all the trucks, three circling black dragons. He was holding a mix of a sword and a spear. The last word he caught before he was told to sit in the car, was "Primums". That word was stuck in his memory for good, no matter if he knows what it is or not. He sat in that car, waiting for over a night, for his parents to come back. Now, he was coming back to the house where he saw his parents last, and who should be at the door, but the same man with the dragon tattoos. But, in hands were the necks of two people. One was his Aunt Maddy's, but the other one was Ms. Green. He cared deeply for his aunt, but not that much for Ms. Green. He didn't know why she was a

captive if the obvious thing was to take someone you cared about.

Marty did. Marty and her were best friends, maybe even more. They hung out everyday, talked with each other. He cared for her. She, was Jennifer.

“No!!! You can’t take her!” Marty shouted across the driveway. His head was being shoved towards the house. He knew she was in the man’s clutches because of Marty, somehow. He didn’t care why she was there, he just wanted her to run away, escape, be free of this, but he knew that wouldn’t happen anytime soon.

“Aunt Maddy! Please, don’t hurt her...”, Kevin pleaded. He hoped his aunt wouldn’t get involved in his grades, but nothing like this. He knew the man with the dragon tattoos wouldn’t let her go, possibly kill her, if Kevin didn’t comply to any of his commands. “Mr. Jones? Mr.Jones?”

“Yes, Kevin?”, Marty said through gritted teeth as he was forced to kneel in front of the doorstep.

“We have to do anything they tell us to do...or they’ll kill one of them”, he said, nodding over to the captives, “do anything, I want Aunt Maddy to live”

“And I want Jen to live, too.”

The men pushed Kevin down to kneel, too. He stared into the face standing on the doorstep. It would be pretty obvious that no one would turn old looking in only 11 years. But this guy, didn’t even look a day older than the last time Kevin saw him. Kevin wondered if he was even human. There was no sign he had changed in any of those 11 years. The man finally spoke.

“You have been brought here for a very important reason...” His voice was broad and strong, yet creepy at the same time. He emphasized the voice on those TV shows, where there is a big black monster, and hes trying to kill the hero with dark powers. That voice made it hard for Marty and Kevin to think. “If you do whatever I say, I will not hurt your loved ones” he spoke, holding up his hostages by their necks. Marty had just hoped he hadn’t said that in those terms. Jennifer’s eyes met his as she was lowered onto the step. She had known they had a relationship. She just didn’t know he knew. She tried to make it sound like they were only friends. She was about to propose a public relationship, but Marty had proposed himself to Christina. She didn’t care. She was happy for her best friend to leave her. Only, she still had feelings for him. Now, she finds out Marty had actual love for her! Her day was great, except that her neck was

almost being strangled.

The men walked them into the house. Kevin was thinking it must be very dirty, old place, but the interior was lavishly designed with antique furniture, carpets, and other things in a normal house. They were forced past a room full of books, probably a library, but Kevin was thinking these Neanderthals wouldn't know how to read. He, independently, shuffled past a few other rooms, including a dojo looking room with a person fighting some sort of goat-boy. Marty could feel the creatures pain and agony, wanting to unbind it's chains and set himself free. "These people are vicious, and I can't stand their shoving", Kevin said to Marty.

"I know, but we have to do whatever they say," He glanced back at Jennifer, "besides, I don't think they want to kill us, or they would have already"

They neared a room at the end of the hallway. It wasn't like any other room they've seen. This had tons of computers and hardware. A single metal ring, a foot taller than Marty, was in the center. It had a blue haziness inside it. He could feel warm air flowing through the ring. At the same time, two men grabbed Marty's and Kevin's head.

They threw them in the ring. They didn't end up on the other side of the ring. Someplace which the man with the dragon tattoos calls, ***Primum***.